

* Poetry *

"To Soothe"

Within words I ambush
Securing any means of escape
Holding readers hostage with word
Taking bare land & laying out scenarios
Maybe it would be snowing
With skiers upon its belly
Or a summers day
Where kids slide down slippery slides
Their laughter plays within my head
Like a pianist - thumping upon keys
Hoping my thoughts play within ones creativities

Over →

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